



A CHAUSSE OF GRAFTING.

We wish we knew the name of the man who first discovered and adopted grafting. Thousands have been remembered in history and song for some exploit or discovery that actually has done more hurt than good, but the man to whom the world is indebted for this simple, but great and useful art, is not known. It is probably a very old art, as allusions are made to it in the scriptures. It is undoubtedly more practised at the present day than ever before, and has become a very important branch of business in this country during the spring months.

Everybody should know how to do it. It is not necessary that everybody should practise it, but everybody should know the principles by which it is done. We have been in the habit of giving a chapter on the subject every spring, in order that our farmer boys may have their attention turned to the subject and be induced to practise a little so as to obtain a practical knowledge of the art.

Health'ly and vigorous stocks and healthy, young, but well matured scions are necessary to ensure an active connection, and a quick, vigorous growth.

The circulations of the tree are carried on in the inner bark and albumen, or young wood of the tree; and in order to unite the scion and the stock firmly the bark and albumen of the scion and the stock should be put in close contact and kept there until the sap, by flowing from the vessels of the stock into the vessels of the scion, shall deposit wood in and around both, and thus bind them together during life.

This matching the bark correctly is the first great requisite to success. Any way in which this can be done, and the contact kept up sufficiently long to all the deposition of wood in and around the union of the two. Hence we have a great variety of modes or kinds of grafting.

Some of the more common modes we will here enumerate and illustrate by our jack-knife sketches, which, though rough, have been instrumental in conveying to the body's eye and the mind's eye the idea, and taught the craft and mystery of the whole operation.

The most common mode of grafting is called "clift grafting," because the stock is cle' or split for the purpose of receiving and retaining the scion. In order to do this, saw the stock off as smoothly as possible, and then pare the surface more smoothly with a sharp knife. Then split it in the centre and insert a wedge, so as to keep the parts open a short time until you can insert the scion. Then take a scion, which should be a young, thrifty twig, one or two years old, from the kind of fruit which you wish to propagate; cut the end of it in a wedge form, and insert it near the outside of the split in the stock in such a manner that the bark of one shall nicely match and fit to the bark of the other. The seam between the bark and wood of the one should exactly fit to the seam between the bark and wood of the other. Some incline the scion a little so as to make the seam of the one cross the seam of the other a little, thinking there will then actually be a point of contact. This being done, pull out the wedge, and let the parts of the stock press on the wedge part of the scion. The whole junction should then be covered with clay or wax, so as to exclude air and moisture.

This clift grafting is illustrated by the annexed cut. It is usually performed on stocks that have obtained considerable size.

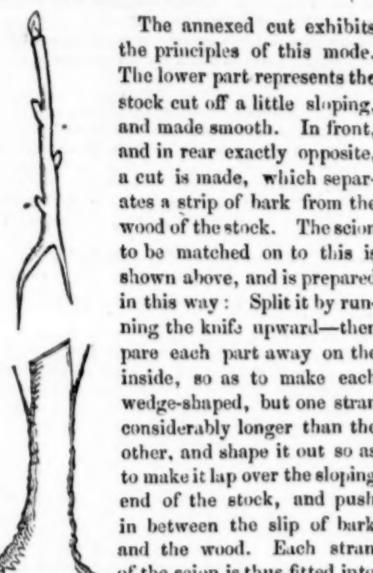
When you wish to engraft stocks of small size, the method called "spice grafting" is preferable. In order to do this, cut the stock off, so as to have a smooth cut or scarf an inch or two long—about midway of this scarf cut in to the stock a little with your knife. Then take your scion and slope it with a cut in the same manner, so as to have a smooth cut as long as that on the stock; and also with your knife cut in midway as you did in the stock as represented in figure 1 of the annexed.

The stock and scion are then ready to match—place them together so that the bark and scion of one side at least shall match nicely together, allowing the tongue made by the notch or cut midway of the slope of the scion to fit into the corresponding cut in the stock, as represented in figure 2.

After having been thus matched together, it is necessary to secure them in that position until a union has taken place. This is easily done

by preparing a piece of cloth with wax, and taking a strip, say half an inch wide and eight or ten inches long, and winding around it as represented in figure 3.

There is another mode of grafting which we denominate straddle grafting. It was first made known to us by Thomas C. Norris, Esq., of Vienna, in this State, who has been very successful in the practice of it. It seems well adapted to use in large or small stocks and scions. Mr. Norris says that he has grafted stocks in this way that were three inches in diameter, and the scions took well and did well.



The annexed cut exhibits the principles of this mode. The lower part represents the stock cut off a little sloping, and made smooth. In front, and in rear exactly opposite, a cut is made, which separates a strip of bark from the wood of the stock. The scion to be matched on to this is shown above, and is prepared in this way: Split it by running the knife upward—then pare each part away on the inside, so as to make each wedge-shaped, but one strain considerably longer than the other, and shape it out so as to make it lap over the sloping end of the stock, and push in between the strip of bark and the wood. Each strain of the scion is thus fitted into its respective place in contact with the bark, and held in the usual way by binding down with grafting wax, prepared strips of cloth, or common clay.

We tried this mode last year with good success. We think, however, that where the stock of horses that had been opened after death, when it was supposed their numbers were either the remote, or proximate cause of the death. Some have thought they eat through the coats of the stomach. This is very doubtful; Dr. Dadd thinks they do not perforate the coats until after the horse is dead.

GRAFTING COMPOSITIONS. Formerly nothing but clay was used for defending the junction of the scion and stock from the weather; but within a few years grafting wax or composition is now mostly in use.

GRAFTING CLAY. Take pure clay, and mix it with an equal quantity of fine, fresh horse manure, and work in fine hair. If the clay be strong, add a little sand. Beat and work the materials thoroughly together, and apply a ball of the mixture to the stock, completely covering it. If no hair be used, the mixture must be supported by winding around it cloth, tow, &c.

Some use less horse manure, and always use sand to reduce the strength of the clay. They also think it is idle to give medicine, to cause bats to let go their hold, and indeed, that they are not able to let go themselves, until they have arrived to a stage of growth and maturity, when nature tells them to start for a situation out of doors, to undergo their last transformation.

## BOTS IN HORSES.

There are but few bodies, if any, in the animal or vegetable kingdom, that has not some insect to "burrow" in it, and make it a nursing mother to its young. It has been thought by some benevolent souls, that in moderate numbers, such visitors are healthy to the body infested, and that it is these great or unnatural numbers that causes mischief. We can hardly subscribe to this doctrine, although some plausible arguments may be brought forward in favor of this position.

In regard to horses in general, we presume a horse is not much injured, perhaps none at all, by a few bots in his man; but that he is benefited by them we can hardly believe.

The bot, which is the larva, or maggot of the bot fly (Oestrus) is a curious and singular specimen of insect life. What singular changes it undergoes. In the first form it is a fly, sailing along with the greatest ease by the side of your horse, on a summer's day, and keeping up with the horse, goes, even to the speed of 240, and even an anion, darting up and depositing a nit, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson."

Then in the nit form it rides about until it becomes attached in some way to the lips of the horse, when it hatches, and passes down the throat into the stomach of the horse, where it goes, even to the speed of 240, and even an anion, darting up and depositing a nit, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson."

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# The Muse.

## ESCAPE FROM WINTER.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

O, had I wings of a swallow, I'd fly  
Where roses are blossoming all the year long;  
Where the landscape is always a feast to the eye,  
And the hills of the workers are ever in song;  
Then I would fly from the cold and the snow,  
And his to the land of the orange and vine,  
And sail the winter away in the glow.  
That rolls o'er the evergreen bower of the pine.  
Indeed, I should gloomily steal o'er the deep,  
Like the storm-drawn gull, that soars there alone.  
I would take me a dear little mite, to keep  
A sooty flight to the tropical shore.  
We would fly from the dark clouds of winter away!  
To the land where the year is eternally gay.  
Some people think it is owing to the Saratoga water.  
I venture to differ from them. The water is an  
atmosphere, a large house, and becoming em-  
barrassed among the flocks, he lost his way and  
found himself on the heart of a sleeping apartment,  
occupied by a child. The sun was  
just breaking through the curtains of the room.  
A vacated bed showed that some one had risen  
lately, probably the nurse, and the sweep, with an  
irresistible impulse, approached the unconscious little sleeper. She lay with her head  
upon a round arm buried in flaxen curls, and  
the smile of a dream on her rosy and parted lips. It was a picture of singular loveliness,  
and something in the heart of boy-sweat,  
as he stood and looked upon the child, knelt to it with a agony of worship. The tears gushed to his eyes. He stripped the sooty blanket from  
his breast, and looked at the white skin upon his side. The contrast between his condition  
and that of the fair child sleeping before him,  
brought the blood to his blackened brow with the hot rush of love. He knelt beside the bed on which she slept, took her hand in his sooty  
grasp, and with a kiss upon the white and dewy fingers, pressed his whole soul with passionate earnestness into a resolve.

It commenced without a preface thus:  
"On a summer morning, twelve years ago, a chimney-sweep, after doing his work and singing his song, commenced his descent. It was the chimney of a large house, and becoming embarrassed among the flocks, he lost his way and found himself on the heart of a sleeping apartment, occupied by a child. The sun was just breaking through the curtains of the room. A vacated bed showed that some one had risen lately, probably the nurse, and the sweep, with an irresistible impulse, approached the unconscious little sleeper. She lay with her head upon a round arm buried in flaxen curls, and the smile of a dream on her rosy and parted lips. It was a picture of singular loveliness, and something in the heart of boy-sweat, as he stood and looked upon the child, knelt to it with a agony of worship. The tears gushed to his eyes. He stripped the sooty blanket from his breast, and looked at the white skin upon his side. The contrast between his condition and that of the fair child sleeping before him, brought the blood to his blackened brow with the hot rush of love. He knelt beside the bed on which she slept, took her hand in his sooty grasp, and with a kiss upon the white and dewy fingers, pressed his whole soul with passionate earnestness into a resolve.

"Hereafter you may learn if you wish, the first struggle of that boy in the attempt to diminish the distance between yourself and him, you will have understood that you were the beautiful child he saw asleep.

"I repeat that it was twelve years since he stood in your chamber. He has seen you almost daily since then—watched you going out and coming in—fed his eyes and heart on your expanding beauty, and informed himself of every change and development in your mind and character. With this intimate knowledge of you, and with the expansion of his own intellect, his passion has deepened and strengthened. It possesses him now as life does his heart, and will endure as long. But his views with regard to you have changed, nevertheless.

"You will pardon the presumption of my first feeling—that to attain my wishes I had only to become your equal. It was a natural error, for my agony at realizing the difference in our condition in life was not enough to absorb me at the time; but it is surprising to me how long that delusion lasted. I am rich now. I have lately added to my fortune the last acquisition I thought desirable. But with the thought of the next thing to be done, came like a thunderbolt upon me the fear, that after all my efforts, you might be destined for another! The thought is simple enough. You would think that it would have haunted me from the beginning. But I have rather unconsciously shut my eyes to it, or have been so absorbed in educating and enriching myself, that that gave only was to him for my magnetic atmosphere—though it expresses—does it not?—exactly what you want when you order a picture! You wish to painted as you appear to those who love you—a picture altogether unrecognized by those who love you not.

"Mr. Bellalure, then, was magnetically hand-some—positively plain. He dressed with an art beyond detection. He spent his money as if he could dip it at will out of Pactolus. He was intimate with nobility, and nobody knew his history; but he wrote himself on the register of Congress Hall as 'from New York,' and he threw all his forces into one unmistakable demonstration—the pursuit of Miss Mabel Wynne.

"But Mr. Bellalure had a very formidable rival.

"Mabel Wynne was the topmost sparkle on the crest of the first wave of luxury that swept over New York. Up to her time, the aristocratic houses were furnished with high buffets, high-backed and hair-bottomed mahogany chairs, one or two family portraits, and a silver tray on the sideboard, containing cordials and brandy for morning callers. In the centre of the room hung a chandelier of colored lamps, and the lighting of this, and the hiring of three negroes, (to 'fatigue,' as the French say, a clarinet, a bass viol, and a violin;) were the only preparations necessary for the most distinguished ball.

"About the time that Mabel left school, however, some adventurous pioneer of the Dutch *haut ton* ventured upon lampstands for the corner of the room, studded red benches along the walls, and chalked floors; and upon this a French family of great beauty, residing in the lower part of great Broadway, ventured upon a fancy ball with wax candles instead of lamps; French dishes and sweetmeats instead of pickled oysters and pink champagne; and the door thus opened, luxury came in like a flood. Houses were built on a new plan of sumptuous arrangement, the ceilings stained in fresco, and the columns of the doors painted in imitation of bronze and marble; and at last the climax was topped by Mr. Wynne, who sent the dimensions of every room in his new house to the upholsterer in Paris, with *carte blanche* to the costliest and the *fournisseur* to come on himself and see to the arrangement and decoration.

"It was Manhattan tea-time, old style, and while Mr. Wynne, who had the luxury of little plain furniture in the basement, was comfortably taking his *toast* and *hysn* below stairs, Miss Wynne was just announced as 'at home,' by the black footman, and two of her admirers made their highly *second entry*. They were led through a suite of superb rooms, lighted with lamps held in abasader bases, and ushered in at a mirror door beyond, where, in a tent of fluted silks, with ottomans and draperies of the same stuff, exquisitely arranged, the imperious Mabel held her court of 'teens.'

"Mabel Wynne was one of those accidents of sovereign beauty which nature seems to take delight in misplacing in the world—like the superb lobelia blossoming among sedges, or the oriole pluming his dazzling wings in the depth of a wilderness. She was no less than royal in all her belongings. Her features expressed consciousness of sway—a sway whose dictation had been from infancy anticipated. Never a surprise had startled those languishing eyelids from deliberateness—never a suffusion, other than the humid cloud of a tender and penitent hour, had dimmed those adorable dark eyes. Or, so at least it seemed.

"She was a fine creature, nevertheless—Mabel Wynne! But she looked to others like a specimen of such fragile and costly workmanship that nothing beneath a palace would be a befitting home for her.

"For the present," said Mr. Bellalure, "the bird has a fitting cage."

"Miss Wynne only smiled in reply, and the other gentleman took upon himself to be the interpreter of her unexpressed thought.

"Those were days (to be regretted or not? as you please, dear reader!) when the notable society of New York revolved in one self-complacent and clearly defined circle. Call it a wheel, and say that the centre was a belle and the radii were beauties—(the periphery of course composed of those who could 'dawn with the dust')."

"And forward that formidable, impregnable vow of celibacy!" interrupted Miss Wynne.

"I am only supposing a case, and you are not likely to be a shepherdess on the green."

"But Mr. Bellalure's smile ended in a clouded reverie, and after a few minutes' conversation, ill sustained by the gentleman, who seemed easy in the other's way, they rose and took their leave.

Mr. Bellalure lingered at last, for he was a lover avowed.

As the door closed upon her admirer, Miss Wynne drew a letter from her portfolio, and turning it over with a smile of abstracted curiosity, opened and read it for the second time. She had received it that morning from an unknown source, and it was rather a striking communication: perhaps the reader had better know something of it before we go on.

It commenced without a preface thus:

"On a summer morning, twelve years ago, a chimney-sweep, after doing his work and singing his song, commenced his descent. It was the chimney of a large house, and becoming embarrassed among the flocks, he lost his way and found himself on the heart of a sleeping apartment, occupied by a child. The sun was just breaking through the curtains of the room. A vacated bed showed that some one had risen lately, probably the nurse, and the sweep, with an irresistible impulse, approached the unconscious little sleeper. She lay with her head upon a round arm buried in flaxen curls, and the smile of a dream on her rosy and parted lips. It was a picture of singular loveliness, and something in the heart of boy-sweat, as he stood and looked upon the child, knelt to it with a agony of worship. The tears gushed to his eyes. He stripped the sooty blanket from his breast, and looked at the white skin upon his side. The contrast between his condition and that of the fair child sleeping before him, brought the blood to his blackened brow with the hot rush of love. He knelt beside the bed on which she slept, took her hand in his sooty grasp, and with a kiss upon the white and dewy fingers, pressed his whole soul with passionate earnestness into a resolve.

"The day was one of the sweetest of summer, and as the boat ploughed her way down the Hudson, Mabel sat on the deck lost in thought. Her father's opinion of Bellalure, and his probable displeasure at her choice, weighed unconsciously on her mind. She turned her thoughts upon Mr. Blythe, and felt surprised at the pleasure with which she remembered his kind manners and his tried-singing look. She began to reason with herself more calmly than she had done to do with her lovers around her. She confessed to herself that Bellalure might have the romantic perseverance shown in the career of the chimney-sweep, and still be deficient in qualities necessary to domestic happiness. There seemed to be something false about Bellalure. She could not say in what—but he had so impressed her. A long day's silent reflection deepened this impression, and Mabel arrived at the city with changed feelings. She prepared herself to meet him at her father's house, and show him by her manner that she could neither accept his hand nor his fortune.

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